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MISCELLANEOUS.

From Burton's Magazine, for January, 1840.

The Last Shilling.

BY J. E. DOW, WASHINGTON D. C.

It was at the commencement of a stormy evening in the rainy season, when a young man dressed in a soiled and tattered suit of clothes which, like their wearer, had seen better days, rushed into the bar room of one of the low hells of Lisbon, in a state of intoxication, and throwing himself upon one of the rude settees, ordered a bottle of *eau de vie* to be placed before him. The assiduous attentions of the garcon soon supplied the wants of the impatient stranger, and drawing together the curtains of the alcove, he left him to attend to numerous calls from people of almost every nation under heaven.

The young man sat for some time with his head leaning on his hand, and nothing gave evidence of his existence but the escapement of a sigh, so deep and strong that, like the outbreaking of the smothered fire of a volcano, it seemed to burst asunder the object from whence it proceeded. At length he drew from his pocket his purse, and after duly examining its lean and poverty-stricken appearance, turned out upon the marble table a solitary shilling. It was his all,—he had arrived at the *ne plus ultra* of his riches, and poverty seemed with long and withered limbs to stalk before him. It was the turning point in the history of Henry Staunton; birth, friends, reputation—aye, even the decency of a vagabond were about to be surrendered up to the power of intemperance and crime. He gazed about him with the look of madness; he had not calculated upon poverty—poverty such as this—when the dice and the gold rang upon the gaming table—when the song of the syren swelled high above the festive board, and the deluded votaries of Bacchus found a living pain in the draughts of jolly Cham.

He had calculated the cost of the degradation and debasement of a noble soul; but poverty he had not thought of her,—that cruel hag, which, worse than the damning nightmare, sits heavily upon the breast, though lightly upon the stomach of the poor unfortunate, and presses him down to a level with the ignoble and the vile. In our own happy country, we hardly ever see or feel poverty: but in the old kingdoms of Europe, where the unfortunate are numberless, and where the tendency of their institutions is to make the poor poorer, and the rich richer—poverty, such as a man would gladly exchange for death, stalks about the streets in slow and cadaverous form, scowling like the famishing wolf for victims, and clutching her skinny fingers at the throats of rosy cheeked children, and well fed friars.

Henry Staunton reflected,—it was the first time that he had cast a thought upon his wretched condition for months. He looked at his ragged clothes, and shuddered; a little mirror before him showed him his finely shaped countenance, bloated and red with unnatural excitement; a deep gash, half healed, marred the beauty of his commanding forehead, and his thick, glossy, raven locks were matted with lint and dust. His once smart beaver was knocked into a thousand angles, and his unwashed shirt collar hung over an apology for a black silk neck handkerchief, like a dirty jib over the bowsprit of a Newcastle collier. His whole dress would have brought him a handsome sum, had there then been in the neighborhood some Billy Barlow, devoid of the necessary costume in his character.

The brandy remained untouched,—the finer feelings of human nature began, like oil poured out upon the stormy ocean, to calm the swelling and blackened surges of vice; and the tears that had long since been dried up, like a summer brooklet, suddenly accumulated in their parched channels. He drew a white handkerchief from his breast, and grasping it convulsively in his hand, gazed upon the name for a moment, then dashing his head upon the table, burst into a flood of tears. His sobs soon attracted the attention of the company in the next alcove, and the keeper of the hell fearing that his foreign customer might be about to commit suicide in his premises, and thus lay upon him the onus of his burial, entered the recess, and shaking the unhappy youth by the collar, bade him seek lodging elsewhere. This was enough! Henry Staunton arose a new, a redeemed man. The hour of degradation had passed away, and with a smile upon his face, which, like the rainbow of God upon the retiring shadows of the deluge, gave evidence of future calmness, he replaced his memorial of early love, and lifting from the table his solitary shilling, bade the keeper of the hell observe that his brandy remained untouched. He then departed, and as he stepped out upon the Praca del Roccio, the night wind howled around the rocks of Cintra, and the valley of the Tagus gave back its sounds with a thousand echoes.

Along the morena of Lisbon, are numerous stands, where the money-loving boatmen of the Tagus huddle around a few brands, and await the hour when the naval officers from the various squadrons come down to return to their floating lodgings. The moustached sentinel paces along the quay with greater dignity as the middle hour of midnight draws near, and the horse-patrol make their only round when the joyous reefer, with the weather leech of his main-topgallant sail a little lifting, comes swearing down the streets, damning the earthquake for making them so hilly, and the citizens for crowning them with unnecessary filth. As for the earthquake, that could not be helped; but for the nightly showers of unholy water that descend upon the heads of wandering strangers, from eight till twelve P. M., from the numerous front windows of the eight storied houses of every street in Lisbon, nothing can be offered in extenuation.—They are sins that cannot be forgiven by foreigners, and are barely tolerable by those who indulge in them.

It was to one of these fires that Henry Staunton bent his steps, as the heavy tones of the cathedral clock tolled eleven. Soon after his arrival there, the captain of a jackass frigate, who had been dining with his country's consul, came rolling down like a ship in the chops of the channel in a heavy sea, with the wind free, and endeavored to make the boatmen who beset him, understand where he wanted to go; but from a natural thickness of his tongue, and an additional impediment in the shape of *aqua vitæ*, he endeavored in vain. At length Henry Staunton, who sat shivering over the few embers of the dying watch fire, approached him, and in English asked the stranger where he wished to be taken.

'Taken,' said the son of Neptune, with a heavy lurch, 'why, taken on board, and be d——d to you;' and he chuckled at his wit like a monkey who had put a hot chestnut into a confiding cat's paw.

'But to what ship?" said Staunton.

'What ship?' said the captain,—'why, to the Boanerges, captain Spitfire, pierced for thirty-six guns, with a shifting one astern. D——n it, sir, there she is, don't you see the light under the mizzen top? Suppose you go on board with me, youngster, as you seem curious; I always like to meet a countryman in a foreign land, especially after dinner. Come, bear a hand, my boys, and bring up a boat.'

A boat was soon ready, and after numerous efforts, the captain compromised the matter with his legs by rolling in on a couple of oars. Once on board, by force of habit, he rolled into the stern sheets in an upright position, and gave the order,—'Shove off.'

The boatmen, however, refusing to move until they were paid, captain Spitfire seemed to ignite at this insult to his dignity, and was about to roll out upon the quay in the same manner that he rolled in, when Staunton, recollecting his shilling, pulled it out, and showing it to the boatmen, said, 'If this will compensate you for your trouble, it is at your service.'

'Thank you, my master, it is small, but it will do,' and hailing his companion, who immediately joined him, the boat shoved off from the quay, and soon lay alongside of the frigate Boanerges, one of H. B. M's squadron in the Tagus. The worthy representative of his country's honor, was soon housed in his state room, and Henry Staunton, having been invited below by the master-at-arms, located himself on a grating between the two forward guns on the starboard side of the gun deck, and was soon lost in a sleep far more sweet than any that had blessed his eyelids since his departure from his native home, to leave the ways of damning vice in a guilty land.

'Seven bells,' cried the master-at-arms of the Boanerges, as he came up the forward hatchway. 'Turn out, turn out, you lazy lubbers,' and administering a few gentle hints with his rattan, soon had the crew upon their feet busily lashing up their hammocks.

Henry Staunton heard nothing of this din until a gallon of golden water came plash in his face from the bucket of one of the after guard, who was busily employed in washing down the deck. He started to his feet, and with good humor acknowledged the fitness of the obligation, and then gazed about him. It was morning, and a golden one, too,—the shores of Altemeja and Lisbon were bathed with the gaudy coloring of nature,—the land breeze came off from the orange groves and purple hills,—the cry of the smuggler was heard as his train of asses came down the steep bank of the shore, while the cheerful 'yeo! heave oh!' of the lugger's crew, as they took on board the wine of Xeres and Oporto, awoke the echoes of the winding river's shores.

It was a long time before he could call to mind the occurrences of the previous night; and while he stood looking anxiously out of the bridle port, his forlorn condition attracted the sympathy of the British tars around him, who kindly gave him an invitation to their mess, and bade him brush up for his interview with 'Old Smoke Pipes,' the nick name given to their commander by them.

Henry Staunton soon cleared himself from all remains of his old habits,—his tattered suit went down on the bosom of the golden river, and his old shoes served to toll out two or three unwelcome sharks who had entered the bay for the purpose of overhauling the shoals of marrow bones that had been thrown overboard until they had nearly overturned the admiral. After undergoing the martyrdom of being shaved by the barber of the ship, Staunton dressed himself in a neat suit of sailors' clothing; his hair he combed over his wounded forehead, and as he paced the forecastle with the quarter master of the watch, awaiting the commands of the honorable captain Spitfire, he seemed like one of the fancy men of the Boanerges just returned from a liberty week on shore.

Just before the top-gallant yards were crossed, captain Spitfire made his appearance in a neat dress, and, with a seaman-like alacrity, endeavored to make up for his evening's debauch by his strict search after the faults of others. After inspecting the ship throughout, and finding every thing as usual in proper order, he sent for the master-at-arms, and bade him bring into the cabin his scrub acquaintance of the previous evening.

Henry Staunton was soon in the presence of the commander, who bade the master-at-arms to retire, and then turning to him, said in a gruff tone, 'Youngster, tell me your history.'

Staunton detailed the principal events of his life in a spirit of deep contrition, and when he had finished, he leaned his aching head upon his hand, and awaited his fate.

Captain Spitfire looked at the fine form and intelligent face before him for some minutes, and then striking his hand upon the table, said,—'Youngster, I'll make a man of you; for he whom the land casts off, the sea must swallow. You have improved visably in your outworks since last night, see that you keep clean here,' striking his hand upon his breast; 'dirt and discipline never sail in company,—and he that keeps his copper foul in my ship, must be worthy of condemnation;' then turning, he rang a bell,—the orderly entered. 'Tell Mr. Slops, the purser, to bring up the rating list,—another son of thunder is waiting to be christened.'

The purser had expected a morning call from his commander, and soon entered the cabin of the Boanerges, with his shipping articles in his hand; and in a few minutes Henry Staunton was rated a midshipman in the gallant navy of Britain.

'Here, sir,' said the captain, handing Staunton a doubloon, 'here is sufficient to buy you a jacket and dirk,—act your part well, and from the glance of your top-lights, I feel confident that you will do his majesty some service. Recollect there is your shilling with interest,—study the necessary part of your profession, and let the fancy part go to the devil, to whom it belongs. Abhor white gloves and cologne water—speak as little cursed French as possible—and never call me old Smoke Pipes on duty. Be off—I won't be thanked. I have read you like a book. Go to the first lieutenant and study the ropes, and be careful how you let Nip Cheese, the purser, finger your doubloon.

Thus saying, the excellent hearted captain bowed the newly dubbed midshipman of the Boanerges to the door of the cabin, and seeing the master's mate of the watch at the gangway, called out, 'Mr. Strother, introduce Mr. Staunton to the young gentlemen below, and be careful how you cut up any monkey shines with him,—there's the mast head! You understand me, sir! Good morning, Mr. Staunton.'

A pendant was now seen flying from the admiral's signal halliards, and then was seen the Boanerges's number, and a signal below.

'What is it?' cried a dozen voices.

'Boanerges under way to get—follow the admiral with or without signals,' said the signal officer, as he entered the cabin.

'Answer the signal, sir,' said captain Spitfire. 'Mr. Catharpin, all hands up anchor.'

Then the heavy rollar of the admiral's signal gun came rolling over the deep, and the 'blue peter' unrolled itself to the breeze, and floated gaily at his fore.

Now all was bustle and apparent confusion, and (like all other ships of war that had been long anchored,) the Boanerges got under way in a lubberly manner, and as the shades of evening fell upon the silent waters, took her departure from the rock of Lisbon.

Young Staunton was now in a new element—the dark hour had passed away, and the poor vagabond, who so lately would have sold his existence for rum, became a Jemmy Reefer, and was considered, ere he had been a week on board, the crack officer of the cock-pit.

Onward the three-decker rolled her course, and swiftly the gallant frigate followed in her wake. On the third day out a signal from the admiral denoted a sail on the starboard bow, and soon another signal bade the Boanerges crowd all sail in chase. Now was captain Spitfire's time to show his intrinsic value—his qualities became brighter, like those of this diamond beneath the hand of the polisher, and the gallant tar, ere the enemy's courses hove in sight, was ready for a desperate battle on the deep. His batteries were clear, his guns double shotted—cutlasses, pistols and boarding pikes were distributed by no niggar's hand and the powder boys stood ready behind each gun with spare cartriges in their leather passing boxes. Round shot and wad were in the shot racks, and the men were at quarters with their trousers rolled up to their knees, their jackets off, and their necks bare; some had handkerchiefs about their waists, and some had them twisted, *a la Turque*, around their heads; looking as they stood in clusters around each iron mouthpiece, like a component part of the cannon itself. The decks were sanded to prevent them from becoming slippery with blood. The marines and top-men were at their stations, and the cock-eyed marine officer, with a tremendous muckle-whanger, was marching up and down the larboard waist, now casting one eye in the fore-top, while the other was resting on the mizzen; and now shaking his sword at some lazy fellow who has sate down to rest, probably to sigh over the melancholy reflections which the hour excited within his breast.

The captain was standing on the horse block, peeping through a mighty spy-glass, while the officer of the deck, assisted by two quartermasters and a few youngsters, was endeavoring to make out the craft from the opposite side of the ship. At length, as the Boanerges drew nearer, the frigate laid her maintopsail to the mast, and yawing gracefully, showed the lilies of the Bourbon floating at her ensigh peak.

'French, by ——,' exclaimed captain Spitfire, to Mr. Catharpin, the first lieutenant. 'Stand by the bow gun, sir. All ready?'

'Aye, aye, sir,' replied the commander of the division.

'Then let the Mounseers hear your thunder—fire!'

'Bang,' roared the bow chaiser, and, from a wreath of woolly smoke, the thiry-two pound shot sped on its mission of destruction; it took the Frenchman amidships, and slanted across his gun-deck; the splinters flew about merrily. Considerable confusion was created by the salutation of the Boanergns, and L'Agile, for such was the French frigate, filled away and endeavored to get the weather gage, but captain Spitfire was up to the frog-eater, and to sing him half a ton of cold iron in quick succession, the Boanerges bore down to board.

'First division of boarders away,' thundered the captain, and from the different quarters to the ship came forth a flood of armed men in the twinkling of an eye. The Boanerges had now run foul of L'Agile's stern, and making the frigates fast with his own hands, captain Spitfire, followed by young Staunton and a hundred men, gained the Frenchmen's deck. It was a dreadful meeting—the French fought like tigers—the boarders flung themselves upon boarding pikes and cutlasses; battle axes and hand grenades were hurled in every direction—the report of the boarder's pistol was followed by the crash of the next man's skull, as its heavy butt descended upon it. The second division now came to the assistance of the first, headed by the first lieutenant, and they arrived in time to secure the victory. Harry Staunton had just cut the French captain down as he drew a pistol to shoot captain Spitfire. At that moment a pikeman pinned the gallant reefer to the mizzen mast, but he had hardly done so before the cutlass of captain Spitfire laid him headless upon the deck.

At this moment the third division of boarders came pouring in, and in five minutes the flag of England floated at her ensign peak. 'The cross it went up, as the lillies came down.'

For a moment captain Spitfire had missed young Staunton, but now, seeing him leaning pale and trembling against the mizzenmast, sprang and released him, and while the tiller rear stood in his eye he clasped him in his arms, and said—'Well done, my young recruit; you have nobly earned your swab, and if there is any gratitude in the sea-girt isle, you shall have a handle to your name ere I am three weeks older.'

The surgeon instantly had his patient removed to his berth, and after a careful examination of his wound, he conveyed to captain Spitfire the gratifying intelligence that his young charge would finally recover, notwithstandining he was severely hurt. Theprize was then overhauled, and the damage to both hull and rigging repaired.

In the course of a couple of hours, captain Spitfire, having left the prize in command of lieutenant Catharpin, made the signal for 'crowding on all sail, and the crews, giving three cheers which were re-echoed by the dark hollows of the ocean, L'Agile spread out her white wings, and followed swiftly in the wake of her conqueror.—Night now settled upon the having ocean, and captain Spitfire, seeing no signs of the admiral, shaped his course for England.

Three days after the action, the Boanerges, followed by her prize, passed the Eddystone, and anchored in safety off Plymounth. The captain of the Boanerges reported himself to the port admiral, and then posted up to London, leaving Henry Staunton on the sick list. By return of post, young Staunton received his commission as a lieutenant in the British navy, with a leave of absence, and a handsome amount of prize money. Thus we leave our hero, to return to an earlier period of his life, to trace out the causes which led to such unforeseen, yet happy effects.

Henry Staunton was the only son of a wealthy merchant of Philadephia, and having an austere father, and a weak and indulgent mother, he became as unfit for the realities of the world as one could expect under such circumstances. His follies—he had many, constantly brought upon him the reproaches and punishments of his father, and, in the same ratio, the attentions and gifts of his mother. Thus matters went on until the day of his mother's death. The day was a melancholy one for our hero; he shut himself up in his room, and for days refused to be comforted. At length he became more calm, and met his father at their lonely meals with a brow bent down with sorrow. Mr. Staunton, however, like a true business man, forgot his loss as soon as he usually did the loss of a ship, or the decline of fancy stocks; and after numerous long and exciting conversations with his son, at last decided that he should become a merchant, and directed him to make up his mind to enter the counting house as soon as the fall business should commence. In the meantime, he gave him a check on his banker with permission to spend the summer months at his country seat, in the interior of Connecticut.

It was a lovely and stately mansion, near one of the pleasantest villages in the blue law state surrounded by orchards, gardens, and lawns, with a silver stream flowing at the foot of the little eminence upon which it stood. Its white washed, out-houses, at a distance, gave it the appearance of a little village, and around it, the magic tailsman of wealth had spread a richness and magnificence seldom seen in the interior of the country. Henry Staunton had, by the will of his mother, inherited a handsome little fortune in the stocks, and here, with sufficient to satisfy his every want amid the rural scenes and quiet retreats of Connecticut, his noble mind began to expand, and gave brighter evidence of a brighter manhood. Besides, he had fallen in love, and that too, by the merest accident. He had met, in his fishing excursions and lonely walks, Emma Lester the daughter of the worthy clergyman of the parish, and being struck with her saint-like beauty and affectionate attention to her aged father had called at the parsonage. After the first difficulty had been surmounted, viz: that of breaking the ice, he became a constant visiter there. Often would these young and ardent beings wander forth by the gentle Willimantic at the, the rosy hour of day.

"And fondly whisper love."

Henry Staunton was now a happy man, and if the thought that he must at length leave those fairy scenes and the maiden he adored, to become the drudge of a warehouse, occasionally clouded his brow, the smile of Emma Lester chased it away the phantoms of the night. Matters went on thus until all the village knew that the young couple loved each other, and the old clergyman, at last discovering the same truth, called them before him and blessed them, and the next day was gathered unto his fathers, leaving Emma to the tender mercies of an uncle in New York, who possessed vast wealth, great eccentricity, and as little regard for the feelings of the lovers as old Staunton himself.

Henry Staunton was now eighteen, and love at that age is apt to burn strong and last long.—After seeing the good old man to his long home, he andeavored to cheer up his desponding Emma; but the shock to her feelings was so great, that her uncle determined to remove her to N. Y. at once. A few days, and this determination came upon the ears of Henry Staunton, like a clap of thunder in a clear sky. He had never thought of such a consequence, and although it came from the lips of Emma with a smile of hope that the separation would not last, yet his own fears told him that it might be for ever. He then told the gentle Emma of his father's sternness, and the little probability of his ever consenting to a union between them.

'And is this the fact, Henry Staunton?' said the weeping maiden, 'and have you kept such a truth hidden from me so long? Henry, it was not generous, nay, it was unkind in the extreme—but no, I will not believe it; your father will relent, and we shall be so happy in our rural bower. Oh! what a [illegible] was an omen of a bright and glorious career for you!'

At this moment the carriage of Ronald Lester drove up to the door of the parsonage and interrupted the father conversation of the lovers.

'Henry Staunton,' said the old man, after the introduction had been made, 'I have heard of you; you have seduced the affections of this innocent and unsophisticated maiden, when you knew your father would never consent to your union with her. You have acted like a scoundrel, sir; begone, and never let me see your face again.'

Staunton endeavored to expostulate with him, with the tear of sorrow in his eye, and the blush of indignation upon his cheek; and Emma weeping, plead for a moment's hearing; but it was all to no purpose—the old gentleman had made up his mind, and that was sufficient. In a few minutes, Emma's little stock of books and wearing apparel was ready, and her uncle, handing her into the carriage, took his seat beside her, and ordered the coachman to drive off. Henry Staunton stood watching the carriage as it wound around the hill like one awakened from a dream but no token of affection was left for him until the Lesters came to a sudden turn in the road, when a white pocket handkerchief waved along the side of the carriage, and fell upon the ground. Staunton sprang to the spot, and seized the treasure; it was marked with the name and wet with the tears of Emma Lester.

'And am I doomed to disappointment?' said the youth in agony. At that moment a thought flashed upon his mind. 'I will leave the country,' said he, 'and forget that I am Staunton.'

In a few hours he left his father's country seat, and proceeded to New London, where he disposed of his mother's legacy, and took his departure in a merchant vessel, for England.

After a long passage, young Staunton entered the metropolis of England, and meeting with those who, like the sucking fish, live by drawing the vitality from others, he soon lost a portion of his money. He then proceeded to Paris, and what was left by the ancestors of Crockford, was taken by the ancestors of Frascaft, with the exception a sum sufficient to pay his passage to Lisbon.

Upon his arrival in Lisbon, he was disappointed in finding that his father's vessel, which he saw by Lloyd's list was there, had sailed the day previous for Philadelphia. Thus left without money and without friends, his father's consignees refused to believe he was the son of old Staunton, and the bells of Lisbon shook off a customer of such doubtful character. It was at this period that our tale commences.

It was evening, and the shrill whistle of a November's wind awoke the echoes of the silent city of New York, when a young English officer landed at the Battery from a packet that had just arrived from England. Two stout seamen took his baggage upon their shoulders, and followed him up Broadway until he reached a noble mansion, when he bade them halt. He then approached the door and rang the bell, which was immediately answered

'Is Mr. Lester at home?' said the officer.

'Mr. Lester?' said the servant. 'Mr. Lester does not live here. Mr. Lester has failed in business, and is imprisoned for debt.'

'Great God! is it possible?' said the young man, in insupportable agony. 'But where is his

neice, Miss Emma? Surely she must be somewhere in the vicinity.'

'The young woman went to jail with the old man,' said the servant, as he slammed the door in the face of Staunton: for it was he who had thus returned, loaded with honors, to claim his first love

'Take my baggage to the nearest hotel, and leave this card with the landlord,' said Staunton to the seamen. Then, swift as a son bearing a reprieve for his condemned father, he sought—that blot upon the escutcheon of freedom—the poor debtors prison.

Entering the jailor's apartment, he begged to be permitted to have an interview with the Lesters, which was denied him.

'What is the amount of the execution upon which Mr Lester is imprisoned?' asked Staunton with a face teeming with the workings of a noble soul.

'Two thousand dollars,' said the jailor, in a rough voice.

'Only two thousand dollars!' said Staunton; 'then give me his discharge; for here is the money!'

The jailor was doubtful how to act in this case for some moments, but finally took the money, made out Ronald Lester's discharge, and taking the key, unlocked a gloomy cell, and pointing down some mouldy, damp steps, said—

'There they are: the doors are all open—they can leave as soon as they wish; and harkee, young man, the sooner the better.'

Henry Staunton took the offered discharge, and soon stood before the inmates of the prison.

'Henry—my own dear Henry!' screamed the maiden as she raised her eyes to note the cause of intrusion at such an hour, and throwing herself into his arms, bathed his cheek with tears.—Then turning, said—'Uncle, dear uncle Henry Staunton has come to save us; look up and welcome him, for through his instrumentality, our sorrows will soon be at an end.'

'Young man,' said old Lester, with a frown upon his brow, as he raised himself from his couch, where he had been confined by a fever of the brain since his entrance, 'come you here to mock me in my hour of degradation and sorrow—begone! Ronald Lester is in prison—in prison for debt—but he asks no aid from any one. No crime nor dissipation has brought him here. Accident and false partners alone have wrought the change you behold; and a ruined man may as well die in prison as in the street.'

Staunton sprang to his bedside, and grasping the merchant by the hand, said—"Lester, have I deserved this treatment from you? You know I left the country at your command, and now I come with wealth and honor to claim my own true love. I come not to mock at your troubles, but to end them. Here is your discarge—the doors are open—let us begone!'

The aged merchant gazed steadily at the youth for a few minutes—his frown passed away—a smile played upon his countenance—he raised his head upon his hand.

'Henry Staunton,' said he, 'you have redeemed yourself. I have wronged you deeply; hence- [illegible] girl, who, like a ministering angel, has hovered around this gloomy prison, and smoothed the coarse and moistened folds of my dying couch.' Then, with a look of phrenzy, he wildly screamed—,Ha! I am free! the prison doors are open! —Ronald Lester is not a criminal, or the doomed companion of felons. Throw open yonder window wider. Ay, now I see the twinkling lamps—I hear the voices and the steps of busy men—I hear the laugh and the song—but let us to business. Send for a clergyman; I wish to make reparation for injury before I die.'

A clergyman was soon found, and to the astonishment of both parties, was ordered by the old merchant to perform the marriage ceremony.

'Emma and Henry,' said Lester, 'kneel down before me—may God Almighty bless you, my children. And now let us away call my carriage—I must to Wall street, to meet my liabilities—send for my partner—no hope—ruined—lost—imprisoned—free! Ronald Lester is no longer a prisoner! and turning his face to the wall he expired without a groan.

The next day, the corpse of the ruined and brokenhearted merchant was laid with the dust of his fathers, and immediately afterwards, Henry Staunton and his weeping bride were on their way to Philadelphia. As they entered the city of brotherly love, they were stopped by a long funeral procession, moving to a distant burial place. Staunton inquired of one of the followers whose funeral it was.

'Old Stunton's, the miser's,' said the man in a rough voice, 'and we are hired to mourn on the occasion.'

'It is my father's corpse!' said Henry. 'Give place, for I an the chief mourner here!' and soon his travelling carriage was next to the hearse.

The burial being over, the sorrow stricken son and his weeping wife proceeded to the magnificent mansion of the Stauntons, to brood in deep melancholy over their respective losses. But grief must have an end, like every thing else, and Staunton and his wife at length became calm enough to hear the reading of the will. The first part of it cut Henry off with a shilling; but by a codicil, dated the very day that Henry refrained from spending his last shilling at the cafe in Lisbon, the will was amended, and the whole of the Staunton property was made his own at his father's death, provided he should return to the United States within seven years after that event.

Henry Staunton continued to hold his commission in the navy of Britain until the war of the revolution broke out, when he sailed with his countrymen, and threw off the shackles imposed by royalty.

Years rolled on, and the Stauntons became more powerful and wealthy than ever in the rising and beautiful city of Penn, and finally, when our hero and his partner retired from the busy stage of life, a numerous progeny was left to perpetrate the family name; but where they are now, God only knows. Upon opening the will, the children were made acquainted, for the first time, with their father's former poverty and distress, but with all virtuous and honest men, they felt that they had cause to be grateful that once, in early life, Henry Staunton, on the the quay of Lisbon, had been reduced to his last shilling.

Captain Spitfire became, in time, an admiral of the red, and died one day at a public dinner in London, leaving behind him his virtues and his vices, for the satisfaction of his friends, and the tender mercies of his enemies. His last words were—'Board the chase.'

Gentle reader, my long yarn is at an end, and your task is over. Adieu; and remember never to be above an honorable employment, nor to spend your first or last shilling for 'that draught fresh drawn from hell,' that stupifies the brain, and chains the immortal soul.

Deferred Articles.

The Abolition papers and friends are chuckling over the following

IMPORTANT MOVEMENT IN ENGLAND.—It will be seen by the following article from the British Emancipator, of Nov. 13, that *the British Cabinet have determined to interfere in regard to the captives of the Amisted*, Lord Palmerston having already referred the question to his law adviser as to "*the mode*" in which that interference could be "most properly and *most effectualy* exercised." This will be a new difficulty in the way of our National Administration, perhaps quite as troublesome as the Bermuda cases, or even the N. E. Boundary.—*N. Y. Emancipator.*

"On Saturday last a deputation from the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society waited, by appointment, on Lord Palmerston, to convey to his lordship the sentiments of that body respecting the reception of Texas, and the treatment of the Africas captured in the Amistad.—The deputation consisted of the Secretary, Mr. Trodgeld, with Messrs. Scoble, Stacy, Beaumont, and Hinton; and they were most courteously received. His lordship professed his unwillingness to do any thing by which the influence of Great Britain could become accessory to the extension or perpetuation of slavery, and his desire to give it the moral aspect of the recognition of Texas, which it was the special object of this deputation to press on his attention, the fullest consideration. The noble lord further stated, that he had referred the case of the captured Africans to the Queen's Advocate, for his opinion as to the mode in which the interference of the British Government might be most properly and most effectually exercised."

We should like to know by what right or authority England proposes the interference in question. Is England the "the master of all nations and the mistress of all seas?" "The British Cabinet have determined to interfere" in affairs that do not concern them, and with what they cannot meddle without overstepping a distinct line constituting the boundary line between their own and the rights of others. What new pretension shall we next hear of? The British have already assumed the *right of control*, in suppressing the slave trade, and for this purpose or some other, to search American bottoms; presently we shall hear of a new impressment of our seamen, under the pretext of suppressing the slave trade. If not checked soon, the British will require us to dispense with all national independence and submit to guardianship.

What will our southern brethren say to this movement? Is it not time to open our eyes to the multiplied wrongs, the encroachments and insults of the professedly friendly but really and in truth hostile nation across the Atlantic?—*Bangor Democrat.*

LOGIC.—The Kennebec Journal pretends to consider the statement of Mr. FORSYTH, that the President had been apprised of the recent invasion of the State prior to the reception of Gov. FAIRFIELD'S letter, as supporting some of its former assertions, and disapproving our reply to those assertions. In doing so, it twists, perverts and misrepresents, with characteristic skill.

The Kennebec Journal lectured the President for not alluding in his Message to the invasion of the State. We replied that at the date of that Message, Dec. 2, he must have been ignorant of it. The Journal argues that we were wrong, because he knew it, before he received Gov. Fairfield's letter of Dec. 23, which in the regular course of the mails reached him Dec. 28!—*Age.*

The Montreal Herald, publishes the Memorandum of Sir JOHN HARVEY, in respect to the course to be taken by inhabitants of the frontiers, in the event of a war between Great Britain and this country, with the following comments:—

We do not know the motives which have induced His Excellency to issue it, but it may possibly be in consequence of information he received from the Imperial Government, that, in the event of Messrs Featherstonhaugh and Mudge's report of their survey of the disputed territory agreeing with the position already maintained by Great Britain, the whole energies of the empire will be called into action to enforce our possession of it, even at the cost of a war with the United States. Although these gentlemen have not allowed the particulars of their report to transpire, it is more than probable that its details are in the possession of Sir John Harvey, and that they are in our favor. In case of a general war, the recommendations of Sir John are extremely judicious, and we understand they were acted upon with the most beneficial results during the war of 1812 and the subsequent years.

THE NEW JERSEY CASE.

It will be seen by our Congressional abstract, that the federal party, after *talking* against, did not dare to *vote* against, proposition to refer the question of the New Jersey contested seats, to the Committee on Elections. This is in perfect accordance with their whole policy in reference to this matter. Conscious of the grossness of the fraud which they wish to sustain, they dare not hazard the indignation of the country by an open and direct support of it. Their only resource is to stave it off, by endless debates upon collatural issues.—*Augusta Age.*

Congressional Proceedings.

IN SENATE.

FRIDAY, Jan. 17, 1840.

THE MAINE BOUNDARY.

On motion of Mr. Buchanan, in accordance with his promise on yesterday, the Senate took up the resolutions offered by Mr. Williams, calling on the President of the United States for the correspondence, not already communicated, with the British Government, on the subject of the Maine Boundary, and with the British Minister and the Governor of Maine relative to the invasion of the State of Maine, and the exercise of jurisdiction in the disputed territory.

The question being on the following additional resolution, offered by Mr. Ruggles:

Resolved further, That the President be requested to communicate to the Senate, so far as may not be incompatible with the public interests, whether any, and, if any, what measures have been taken, under the act of March, 1839, or otherwise, to cause the removal or expulsion of the British troops which have taken possession of a portion of the territory of Maine claimed by Great Britain; and especially whether, since the last session of Congress, any military posts have been established in Maine, or any other military measures adopted, preparatory to a just vindication of the honor and rights of the nation and of Maine, as connected with the persevering claim made by Great Britain to a portion of the territory of that State.

Mr. Buchanan said he scarcely knew what to say on the subject of this resolution. It would seem to contain an implied censure upon the President, which, in his humble opinion, was wholly unfounded. In regard to the course pursued by that distinguished officer in this very important and delicate matter, there was but one sentiment in this country, and all political parties had evinced their approbation of it. But the resolution of the Senator [Mr. Ruggles] called upon him to communicate to the Senate whether any, and what measures have been taken under the act of March 1839, or otherwise, to expel the British troops from the disputed territory; and whether since the last session, any military posts have been established in Maine preparatory to a just vindication of the nation's honor. Now, (said Mr. B.) every Senator knows perfectly well the only answer which the President can give to these interrogatories. Indeed, this answer has been substantially given in advance. In his annual message, dated on the second December last, he has informed us that he had not touched a dollar of the $10,000,000 confided to him by the act of March, 1839; and he then surrendered up the trust which had been confided to him by Congress. And why did he pursue this course? Simply because the contingency had not happened upon which he could have applied this money. There had been no invasion of our territory, or any imminent danger of such an invasion. There had been no attempt on the part of Great Britain to enforce by arms her claim to exclusive jurisdiction over the disputed territory. So far from it, that a solemn agreement had been entered into with the British authorities for the express purpose of preventing any such attempt from being made by either nation. It was not until about the first of January that the President could possibly have heard that two companies of British troops had been stationed at the Temiscouata lake, because the letter of Governor Fairfield, communicating this information, was not dated until the 22d of December. And yet the Senate are gravely called upon to adopt a resolution, asking the President whether he had taken any measures, under the act of March, 1839, to expel these troops—in the very face of his message of the 2d December last, declaring that he had no found it necessary, to use any of the powers conferred upon him by this act. Nay, more. If the President had established military posts in the disputed territory, his conduct would have been justly censurable, and would have afforded to the British Government the same cause of offence as they have afforded to us, unless it should be satisfactorily explained, in recently stationing troops at the Temiscouata lake. The President's answer to these inquiries, we all know, must be in the negative; and it would, therefore, seem that the object was to cast an implied though a very unjust censure upon him for having done nothing.

Mr. B. said he did not know what course the President had pursued since the receipt of Governor Fairfield's letter. He presumed, however, that, as a matter of course, he had protested against this military occupation of the disputed territory by the British authorities as a violation of the subsisting agreement, and of the rights of Maine, and had asked an explanation from the British Minister. Before he attempted to expel these troops by force, he must call upon Congress to furnish him the means.—Indeed, we as yet know nothing of the particular circumstances attending this military occupation, except what is contained in the letter of Governor Fairfield; he should therefore, be glad if the Senator from Maine would withdraw his resolution; but if he did not, Mr. B. would not object to its passage. All the information which it was in the President's power to communicate would be elicited, if it could at this time be properly communicated by the two resolutions of the Senator's colleague, [Mr. Williams.]

Mr. B. said, that on the question of the North Eastern Boundary, the conduct of the President had hitherto been so unfortunate as to satisfy even his political opponents It had combined prudence with firmness, and had received the approbation of almost every reflecting man in the country. The negotiation on this important question was, if he might be permitted to use the expression, now at its very crisis, and the President had deemed it inexpedient to communicate to Congress any of the correspondence which had taken place between the two Governments since the close of the last session, doubtless because he deemed that it might have an injurious effect upon the negotiation. Judging by the past, (said Mr. B.) surely we ought to have sufficient confidence in the President to wait for a short period, and not be calling upon him for communications which may be injurious to the public interest, and which, if so, ought to be withheld. The final result of the negotiation will probably soon be known; and will then, as a matter of course, be submitted to Congress, with all the correspondence.

Allow me, said Mr. B. to make one general remark before I take my seat. I am very apprehensive that we may have serious difficulties with the British authorities before the close of this controversy. My earnest desire is, therefore, that our proceedings may be marked with such justice, moderation, and firmness as to justify us in the eyes of all mankind. A contest must be avoided, if this be possible consistently with national honor, and then, if it should be forced upon us, we shall be a united people.

He made some remarks without any knowledge upon the subject other than that in the possession of every Senator.

Mr. Ruggles said he concurred fully in the resolution of his colleague, asking for copies of correspondence. But Mr. R.'s amendment went further, and asked information as to what had been done—not merely what had been said, but what had been done by the President; and Mr. R. would be glad to know what had been done under the act of 1839, or by any other authority He had not been aware that his amendment could be construed into any disrespect or censure of the President; certainly it was not intended. It was a simple inquiry; and if the President had not done what he ought, Mr. R. would leave that matter to be decided by the State which he represented. Mr. R. also believed that the President might have done something since the second of December, under some authority, which he had not yet made known, and which it was worth while to know. He at least might have taken some precautionary measures, such, at least, as making surveys, for it was to be presumed that the President had his eye on what was known to the public, especially as he could not but have apprehended the risk of difficulty as well as the Senator from Pennsylvania and Mr. R. himself.

They had learned from the President himself, that commissioners had been appointed to make a survey of the country, and report, not to this, but to the British Government. And what had that commission done? They had gone up the St. John's river, crossing the line on their way to the west, to the head waters of the St. John's, which were contiguous to those of the Aroostook; and they had then gone down the Aroostook, and had entirely avoided that section of the country which was designated by the treaty of 1783, and where the highlands were to be found as pointed out by the treaty. And now Mr. R. would ask the Senator from Pennsylvania if he believed for a moment that all this was for the purpose of ascertaining the facts in regard to the treaty? It had, on the contrary, been apprehended that thus, under cover of the treaty, it was for the purpose of seeking out military posts, and not of finding those marks and monuments which the treaty designated. This suspicion might be unfounded; but the apprehension itself, which the Senator from Pennsylvania had expressed, seemed to warrant this inference of the people of Maine in reference to this survey. They had surveyed the rivers, and not the highland; and this went to warrant the inference that the object of the survey was to get information for the Government of Britain that might be useful to them in case of the event which the Senator apprehended.—And if such was their object, was it not proper to ask the President whether he had taken any precautionary measures, at least so far as to make a similar examination, especially as there was not a question in Congress or the country, as to the right of Maine to the territory in dispute.

Mr. R. said further, that there had been a palpable and admitted violation of the arrangement entered into by the meditation of General Scott, of which the President could not but have been aware; and, in respect to caution, there had been abundance of that. The British Government had been cautious enough never to have a minister here with power to adjust the controversy; here, and here only, where the adjustments ought to have been made. They had now been cautious enough to send on this singulary conducted commission one of the ablest engineers of England, as if for the very purpose of a military survey. Mr. R. hoped, therefore, the amendment would be adopted.

Mr. Allen admitted the delicacy of this matter; but, delicate as it was, Congress, the Executive, and the whole American people were united as one man on the merits of this great question, and in according the right over the disputed territory to the State of Maine. Mr. A. ardently desired that this unanimity might be disturbed by nothing even doubtful or ambiguous; and if this resolution were doubtful in its character, he thought it ought to be so modified as to remove all ambiguity.

Mr. Buchanan said he could cautiously avoid, on this occasion, any debate on the general subject. His opinions were sufficiently well known to render this unnecessary. There were three resolutions before the Senate for consideration; two of them, which he thought entirely proper, called on the President for all the correspondence between the British Minister and the Governor of Maine, the British Government and our Government, on the subject of the North-eastern boundary, which have not heretofore been communicated, provided its publication may not be deemed incompatiable with the public interest, that British troops have occupied a portion of the disputed territory. The Senator from Maine, [Mr. Williams,] ever true to his trust, offers a resolution, calling upon the President for all the information in his possession, the publication of which he ought not deem improper. All this was very proper; but what did the resolution of the other Senator, [Mr. Ruggles] propose?—Why, that [reads the resolution]

Now, sir, what is the character of the resolution? And, mark me, sir, I do not oppose its passage, but I will make a single remark. Suppose the president had established military posts in the disputed territory, as this resolution intimates he ought to have done would it not have been a direct violation of the agreement concluded between General Scott and Sir John Harvey? Had the President acted in this manner, he would have violated the spirit, as the British, if our late information should prove to be correct, had done both the letter and spirit of this agreement. The agreement had procured us peace on the border, and, in my opinion, should not have been lightly disturbed. The President is asked what he has done under the act of March, 1839, when the President has expressly informed us that he has done nothing, because the contingency contemplated in that act had not occurred at the date of his message. The negociation was then proceeding amicably, as the President had informed us, and, he hoped it might progress in the same spirit until it reached a peaceful termination.

Mr. Clay, of Kentucky, said it always gave him great pleasure to concur, when he could, in the views of the chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations. But he must now differ from him so far as to think that there was not the slightest imputation on the President in this resolution; and the Senator himself seemed to admit as much when he said he should make no objection to its adoption. And further, the mover of the resolution had himself declared that he had no purpose whatever of censure. That Senator was deeply intersted, in this matter and was even laudably desirous to know all that could be known about it consistent with the public interest. And to what had we come, if the President was to be asked no question in regard to his official duties? And was there nothing to be allowed to a State whose rights had been so long withheld? Sir, (said Mr. C.) while we guard the President, let us not be insensible to the feelings and just rights of a member of this Confederacy. On this subject he saw no occasion to censure the President, but God knows he is sufficiently amenable to censure without going out of the way to find it. Sir, I think there is no imputation in the resolution, and I hope it will be allowed to be passed.

Mr. Buchanan said that he felt so much confidence in the Senator's ability to construe the meaning of the language correctly,& was so much pleased with the approbation he had expressed of the President's conduct in regard to the Maine boundary controversy, that he was willing to forego his own opinion of the character of this resolution. It was true that this approbation had been accompanied by a protestation that the President was sufficiently censurable on other questions. As to the Senator's "God knows," &c. when he brings forward his bill of particulars, Mr. B. trusted that the friends of the President would be able to defend him triumphantly. At present Mr. B was content with the admission in favor of the President's conduct respecting the Maine controversy, and he would now vote with more cheerfulness for the resolution.

Mr. Davis said he had listened yesterday and to day to the idea that this resolution implied censure on the President: but it had never entered his mind at all; and as to adopting the resolution, or an equivalent, there could be no doubt. The sentiment throughout Congress and the country was unanimous in favor of the right of Maine; and what the President in his late message had said was, as we all felt deeply to be true, that the controversy had continued too long. It was full time for it to be brought to a close.—And who knew what might be the present state of facts? At the last session, such was the excitement in the public mind, that when the British were about to take possion of this territory, there was great indignation manifested here and generally. Maine thought it her duty to repel that invasion. And how was the difficulty adjusted? By the mediation of Gen. Scott, sent by this Government, between Maine and New Brunswick. There was now intelligence, very nearly official, that the territory was in the occupation of British troops to remain there through the winter; and there was even an admission by the Governor of New Brunswick that the agreement then entered into had been violated. And what was the explanation of the Governor? That it had been done, not by his authority, but by one still higher, viz; that of the Governor General of Canada. Mr. D. thought there was every reason to be on the alert on this subject, and though he would violate no delicacy, he would not, on the other hand, forbear, till forbearance might well and justly be construed into tame submission. Very near, if not quite, to this point we had already gone, and he thought there was danger that the British Government might so construe it, and act accordingly. Mr. D. therefore insisted that this resolution, or something like it, ought to pass.

Mr. Williams said when he offered his resolution, he supposed it would bring all the correspondence, which the amendment proposed calling for, and he saw no objection to the resolution, and hoped it would be adopted.

Mr. Allen said he was entirely satisfied with the disclaimers of the mover, and other gentlemen of the Opposition, of any intended censure With these disclaimers, he had no objection to the passage of the resolution.

The resolutions were then adopted.

MONDAY, Jan. 13.

IN SENATE. Mr Williams, in pursuance of notice, asked and obtained leave to introduce a bill to explain the fifth section of the act for the better organization of the United States Marine Corps; which was read twice and referred to the Committee on Naval Affairs.

Also, a bill to regulate the pay and emoluments of pursers in the navy; Which was read twice, and referred to the Committee on Naval Affairs.

Mr. Strange submitted the following resolution:

Resolved, That the Committee on the Judiciary be instucted to inquire into the eqpediency of so amending the several laws upon that subject as to allow all the newspapers in the respective States to publish the laws passed at each session of Congress as is now done by the three newspapers selected in each State, and in consideration thereof and as the only compensation to be received by any newspaper therefor, be allowed to circulate within their respective States free of postage.

The bill for the armed occupation and settlement of that part of the Territory of Florida infested by marauding bands of hostile Indians was taken up on its third reading.

After some remarks from Mr Preston in opposition to the bill, the question was taken on the passage of the bill, and resulted, yeas 24, nays 15. [This was a strict party vote, with the exception of the vote of Mr Strange of N. C. Mr Williams voted in the majority with the Democrats. Mr Ruggles did not vote.

The Independent Treasury Bill was then taken up on its third reading. Mr Clay of Kentuck

addressed the Senate at great lenth in opposition to the bill, and upon the general question of the currency. In the course of his speech, he pronounced the banking system, as it exists in this country, a "desirable system;" and declared his opinion, that a U. S. Bank was the true remedy for existing evils.

Mr Walker rose to rebly to some of the remarks of Mr Clay; but at the suggestion of many Senators, gave way to motion for adjournment.

And the Senate adjourned.

In House. The question being upon disposition of abolition petitions, Mr Slade, a federal member from Vermont, concluded his speech upon that subject; when Mr Garland, a federal member from Virginia, obtained the floor, and the House adjourned.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, FEBRUARY 4, 1840.

BEAUTIES OF THE CREDIT CURRENCY.

Sylvester's Reporter and Counterfeit Detector publishes a list of one hundred and fifty-two Banks which have failed, and swindled the community out of $38,000,000. To this amount may be added an equal sum, with perfect safety, for losses by bankrupt speculators and merchants, occasioned by the too lavish credit afforded by the Banks under the present banking system, making an aggregate of $76,000,000. This sum is taken from the hard earnings of the laboring classes of our country. To this immense sum must be added at least ten per cent. on the whole amount of merchandise consumed in this country, for the charges made upon us by foreign creditors, above cash prices, in consequence of the credit we have asked at their hands, before we can have a true picture of the Credit System! The question naturally arises, are we not taxed more than that system is worth?—Would it not be better to resort to a specie currency, or a currency based on specie in *fact*, as well as in *name*? Would it not be better for us to limit our expenditures, and pay as we go along? Let the farmer and the mechanic, the bone and sinew of the country, answer this question, for it concerns them more than any other class; and let them begin a correction of the evil. Let the country merchant be paid down for every thing he sells, and the system will soon become universal. The manufacturer, the merchant, and the country trader, will all be able to make a deduction from the nominal profits they now exact on their sales, and goods of all kinds will come to the consumer at a discount of twenty per cent, and perhaps more, while the producer will derive an equal benefit from the change, with the consumer. The present credit system is a tax upon the most deserving members of the community, for the benefit of its dregs. It is money taken from the hard earnings of the honest and industrious citizen for the benefit of the drones of society.

World of Romance—new series.—We have received the first and second numbers of this work, containing the commencement of "Shakespeare and his Friends." It is published on a sheet of the largest class, containing sixteen pages, weekly, each number containing as much matter as a common volume of duodecimo size. Geo. Roberts, publisher, Boston.—Terms, $3 00 in advance.

Boston Notion.—We have received two or three numbers of the Notion, and it is a "*notion*," truly. It is as large as a bed blanket, and filled with a little of every thing, except politics, and it is a pretty good week's journey to travel from one corner of it to the other. Geo. Roberts, publisher, Boston. Terms, $3 00, in advance.

Correspondence of the Democrat.

Augusta, Jan. 27, 1840.

Nothing has been yet transacted at Augusta; a month, almost, of the session has gone by, and not a bill of any importance has been passed; still much has been done, and is doing, by the Committees; and perhaps there has never been held, since we became a State, a more important session than the present.—The accounts of towns for the supplies and transportation of troops, must be audited and settled; the numerous claims of individuals for remuneration for loss of time, damage or destruction of property, and injury by accident or sickness, must be examined and passed upon; the boundary will be up for consideration and action; the Small Bill Law revives the first part of March, and will demand serious attention; measures must be taken to relieve the State, if possible, to some extent, of the burden under which it now groans; as a means, a State tax has been recommended, and will probably be adopted—there seems to be no other alternative; and lastly, our Statutes must be revised, and freed, in some degree, of the rubbish and lumber with which they are now encumbered. This work, which is not a small one, must be done by the existing Legislature, either at the present or an adjourned session. All these topics must be acted upon, and their consequences, be they what they may, borne by the Democratic party. The federalists will do nothing but sit still and growl; they will neither propose measures themselves, nor fall in with those proposed by others; from the rising of the sun until the going down of the same, it will be the travail of their souls to show that the Democratic party are covered with bruises, and wounds, and putrefying sores. A clever, better natured set of fellows never lived, than the feds here *appear* to be; but this calm is but the harbinger of a storm. They are not ignorant of their advantages, if they have any, nor will they be slow to improve them. The smile may play upon the cheek, while malice wrankles at the heart; the tongue may speak softly and smoothly, when it would speak daggers if it could.

The movements of the opposition are sly and subtle; but their efforts, though stealthy, will be desperate next fall. In September, we choose State officers; in November, electors of President and Vice President; and next winter we district the State for the choice of Senators and Representatives, and select a successor to our padlock Senator—Mr. Ruggles. We must, even now, at this distant day, begin to prepare to meet the gathering storm. The Legislature ought to act prudently and cautiously, but with firmness and energy; let the federalists reap the intended fruit of the seed now sowing; let them play another Huntoon or Kent game; give them the majority in the two branches of the next Legislature, and ten years will hardly restore us to our present condition.

The rumor has just got afloat here, that the correspondence between Mr. Fox. and Mr. Forsyth, on the boundary question, laid before the Senate of the U. S. by the President, is of a character to bring the affair *to a crisis*. So be it, will be the hearty response of Maine. W.

House of Representatives,
January 31, 1840.

Mr. Editor,—Doubtless your readers are anxious to hear how the "wheels of government" are moving; whether their servants at the capitol are *propelling* them in their onward course, or putting *trigs* in the way, to occasionally fetch them up, (as a staggering votary of Bacchus once said, when he ran against a stump), "all standing." To a *Lobby* member, things and matters in the Legislature seem to move slow, but the Hon. gentlemen themselves, who compose this body, solemnly declare, under the "sanction of an oath," that business *does* "go ahead,"—that should they *raise* the steam, the Legislative "boiler would burst," and blow the *matters* of the people "sky high." Well, there may be some *weight* in this argument, though a looker-on can hardly comprehend it. The Constitution says, "each House shall be judge of its *own* elections,"—so I suppose they draw the *inference*, that they are the best judges of their own actions.—But after all, the *people* will judge their servants, and woe to him whom *they* call a slothful and disobedient servant.

In my last, I said the China case had been reported to the House, and laid on the table, and ordered to be printed. Last Wednesday it was called up and debated until the hour of adjournment. The old celestial Empire was shaken to its centre, and some of her subjects handled without gloves. The Resolve, reported by the majority of the Committee, declaring Corydon Chadwick elected, was taken up, and a motion made by Mr. Shaw of *Wind*-ham, to amend so as to declare that no election had been made by the people. The mover and Mr. Dean of Gardner, supported the motion at length, and were opposed by Mr. Andrews, and Mr. Carey of Houlton. The facts in this case, as brought out in the Report, and explained by the last mentioned gentlemen, plainly show that a gross outrage had been committed upon the rights of the people of China, by the officers of that town,—that they were determined, by *fraud*, to defeat Mr. Chadwick the Democratic candidate, and stifle the voice of the people at the ballot box. This amendment was defeated by a vote of 83 yeas, and 91 nays; and the original Resolve then came before the House, and upon this, Mr. Allen of Bangor, commenced a speech against the right of Mr. Chadwick to a seat in the House, and before concluding, gave way on a motion for adjournment, which prevailed. Yesterday he called up the question, and spoke about one hour, and was followed by Mr. Perry of Oxford, who spoke about the same length of time on the opposite side. Mr. Eastman of Wesley, made a few remarks on the same side, and was followed by Mr. Severance of Augusta, against the right of Mr. Chadwick, and the debate was concluded by Mr. Main of Belgrade, who, in his own peculiar and interesting manner, gave the Town Clerk and Selectmen of China, such a *thrashing* as, I guess, they will long remember. The yeas and nays were called, and the rights of the *people* sustained by giving Mr. Chadwick a seat in the House, by a majority of 24 votes. Thus ended this question, about which there had been so much excitement and feeling. This decision of the House is a *severe rebuke* to all who have undertaken, or may hereafter undertake, to disgrace their official stations, by denying the sovereign people the right to be heard through the ballot box. The federal members of the House exhibited their usual *consistency*, by first reporting Hunnowell, the federal candidate, elected, then voting for Shaw's amendment, declaring *no election*; and finally voting against the man who had a *majority* of the legal votes; thereby directly sustaining those dastardly functionaries who stand at the head of the government of China.

To-day, there was a brush in the House, on a Bill to incorporate the "Allagash Canal Company, for the purpose of connecting the waters of the Allagash with the waters of the East Branch of the Penobscot River." Old Father Leavitt, as he is called, the venerable Representative from the district of Smyrna, thought he could see the *dark design* of the rich speculator, at the bottom of the Bill, ready to strip the best timber lands in the State, as soon as they should obtain this grant of authority; and he spoke with much feeling against it. The "Baileyville Farmer," *plowed* into the opponents of the Bill, and he always drives a *strong* team, while Mr. Fessenden of Portland, with his usual tact, opposed him. Mr. Allen of Bangor, said some smooth, pretty things about the honesty of the people "down east," and a few sensible remarks in support of the Bill, from Mr. Otis of Hallowell, closed the discussion. It was then laid on the table to be again taken up to-morrow.

The Legislature have not, as yet, determined on an adjourned session; and from present appearances, I think they will not. If the lazy ones among the members, (and they are a large, respectable class,) can fetch their corporeal substances into contact, with a little extra labor, I believe they can get along without one. But this is almost a hopeless case; however, I think they will feel the force of the argument before spring.

It is six o'clock, and the Messenger is *slamming* the seats, to commence the "log rolling system" of *rolling* out the tobacco quids from under the same, which is tantamount to reporting "leave of absence" to your scribbler; so I will leave Saunders in command, "standing alone in his glory." Yours truly,

DIDO.

Retaliation.—'I wish to God you would give me that gold ring on your finger,' said a young dandy the other day to a country girl, 'for it resembles the duration of my love for you—it has no end.' 'Excuse me,' said she, 'I choose to keep it, for it is likewise emblematical of mine for you—it has no beginning.'

From the Augusta Age.

NORTH EASTERN BOUNDARY.

The Globe, of last Saturday, contains a portion of the correspondence, relative to this subject, which was recently communicated to the Senate of the United States, by the President. We publish to-day a part of what appeared in the Globe, the remainder of which will be published in our next paper.

The first document in order, is a letter dated Nov. 2, from Mr. Fox, the British Minister at Washington, to the Secretary of State, complaining of alleged violations of the "*agreement*," on the part of Maine. Next follows the note of the Acting Secretary of State, upon this subject, to Gov Fairfield, and the reply of the latter, which exhibits fully the character of the complaints made by Mr. Fox, and is subjoined in full.

The Governor of Maine to the Acting Secretary of State.

Executive Department,
Saco, November 21, 1839.

Sir: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your communication of the 6th instant, reciting certain complaints that have been made by the British Government, through its Minister Mr. Fox, of the authorities of this State for certain alleged proceedings on the part of the latter, in relation to "the disputed territory;" and I lose no time in complying with the request "to transmit such information as may be in the possession of the Government of Maine in relation to the acts referred to, in order that an appropriate answer may soon be returned to Mr Fox's communication."

The first complaint is, "that the armed posse stationed by the State of Maine for the protection of the public property in the disputed territory, advancing beyond the stipulated limits, has extended its occupation of the country along the whole way from the valley of the Restook to the mouth of Fish river into the valley of the St. John's, and thus into a portion of the Madawaska settlements."

This complaint is probably founded upon the following facts: Early last spring, the land agent of the State sent a small force, consisting of some twenty-five men, to Fish river, to disperse a band of trespassers understood to be operating at that place. The enterprise was successful. Their camps were broken up, some of the trespassers driven off, and a few, with their teams, were brought out to the settlement on the Aroostook, though subsequently released. The land agent, deeming his work but half accomplished, again sent a small force, of about the same number of men as composed the first party, to the mouth of Fish river, to extend a boom across it to prevent the timber, which had been cut by the trespassers, being driven out into the St. John's, and to prevent further depredations by cutting. That force has remained there until the present time; and has, I believe, been signally successful in accomplishing the object of the expedition.

This proceeding violates no stipulation ever entered into by the authorities of this State. In no proper sense can Madawaska settlements be said to include the territory as far west as Fish river, upon either side of the St. Johns, it being a distance of some twenty-five miles above it, and the two not being connected by continuous occupations or settlements. But supposing the Fish river territory to be a part of the Madawaska settlement, even then, I maintain, there has been no infringement of the stipulations on the part of this State, referred to to by Mr. Fox. In that arrangement, negotiated through the agency of Gen. Scott, the right was not relinquished, on the part of this State, of going *any where* upon the *disputed territory* with an armed posse for the purpose of protecting the timber then recently cut, and to prevent further depredations; but such right was expressly reserved, or rather the intention of exercising it was distinctly avowed.

So far as I am informed, the armed posse have confined their operations to the objects before stated, and have given no just cause of complaint unless the prohibiting Col. McLaughlin, the provincial land agent, from driving timber down the St. Johns, into the Province of New Brunswick, constitutes such cause. And, in regard to this, I must be permitted to say that the authorities of Maine can see no reason for making a distinction between persons attempting to drive our timber from the State into a foreign jurisdiction, whatever may be the pretence set up.

Secondly, it is alleged "that the establishments formed by persons composing the armed parties on the banks, both of the Restook and the Fish river, had assumed an aspect and character more decidedly military and more resembling a permanent national possession of the country than could be required in the civil posse of a land agent temporarily occupying it for the sole purpose of preventing trespasses. That these establishments were fortified with entrenchments and cannon, and garrisoned by a number of armed men far greater than the occasion would warrant.

The party at Fish river, as before stated, is composed of about twenty-five men—not militia or soldiers, but hired laborers. A boom has by them been thrown across the river to stop the timber in its passage down. They have erected a blockhouse near the boom, and are armed with muskets. If this assumes "an aspect and character," in the eyes of our provincial neighbors "decidedly military," we hope it is not formidable enough to create any alarm. But whether it is a force more than sufficient to protect the public property of the State from numerous bands of lawless men, grown desperate by being deprived of their accustomed plunder, and over whom their own Government seems heretofore to have had but little control, is a question which this State must be permitted to decide for itself. In such a case it would be degrading to contest that limits should be prescribed by any power whatever. If the right to protect our territory from invasion, and the public property from plunder, be clear and undeniable, no less so is the choice of means for carrying that right into effect.

Upon the Aroostook a large number of men have been employed. A boom has been extended across the river—a fortification of hewn timber erected near it—and a blockhouse and a few other more temporary buildings put up. The men stationed at what is called the Fort, say twenty-five or thirty in number, are armed with muskets, and I believe they have also two small pieces of artillery. The remainder, say one hundred to one hundred and twenty-five, have been engaged for the most part in opening roads for summer as well as winter communication, and preparing facilities for supplying the posse. How far these proceedings furnish ground for the complaints of the British Government, you will judge. That any preparations short of them would have been insufficient to protect the public property, to me seems to be clear. At all events, the complaint at the extent of this force, was hardly to have been expected from the British Government, just at this moment; when a few days only have elapsed since some fifty of its own subjects, bearing the Queen's arms, and otherwise suitably equipped, headed by a retran militia captain, made an assault in the dead of the night upon that very force which is now described as "greater than the occasion would warrant."

No better justification is needed for the course which has been pursued by Maine, especially in regard to the force employed, than a reference to this case. Nor is the force of the circumstance diminished by the fact, that this attack was repulsed by the firing of but one gun; for a disposition is manifested which may not always exhibit itself in so harmless a manner. Again, the complaint of our "establishment upon the disputed territory fortified with entrenchments and cannon," would seem to come with but little show of consistency from the British Government, when it has just completed most extensive and permanent barracks upon the same territory, north of the St. John's and is in the habit of transporting troops and munitions of war over it at their pleasure.

The third allegation is, "that a permanent State road is being constructed, leading into the valley of the Aroostook, and from thence, on the south side of the St John's to the Fish river, the object of which is to connect these portions of the disputed territory with the towns of Augusta and Bangor, and other acknowledged parts of the State of Maine."

That a road commencing near Mattewamkeng point in the county of Penobscot, extending to the Arnostook river and thence on to the mouth of Fish river, upon the St. John's, is in process of construction, and is even now passable the whole way with some vehicle, is certainly true. But it is not perceived why at this particular time it should be regarded as a cause of complaint. This is no new thing. An appropriation for this road was made by the Legislature of this State, as early as 1826; from which time it has steadily progressed, and in another year, probably, will be nearly, if not quite completed.—To say nothing of other advantages anticipated from it, it is manifest that it will afford great facilities for preventing trespasses upon the public lands; and indeed, I may say that trespassing upon the streams emptying high up upon the St. Johns, cannot be prevented without such a road. This, therefore, is no new project, got up in violation of any stipulation or understanding, to which this State has in any way been a party, or for the purpose of gaining an additional extent of possession; but is the exercise of a lawful right over that portion of the territory to which we have not only the legal title, but over which we have ever had possession and jurisdiction.

But again, may I not inquire with what propriety and consistency this complaint is made on the part of Great Britain, when she has herself constructed a permanent railroad over a large part of the territory north of the St. Johns, which, it is understood, was very thoroughly repaired the present season, and over which her subjects are constantly passing.

The last allegation is, "that land surveyors, acting under the authority of the State, are employed in marking out lots and townships within the same portion of the disputed territory, & that sales of land are being made with deeds regularly drawn under the authority of Maine."

That Maine is now managing, in the particulars mentioned, these lands upon the Aroostook, and those south of the St. Johns, in the same manner that she has been accustomed to since her separation from Masschusetts, and as that State managed them prior to that period, is true. For the last thirty years we have been occasionally surveying and lotting these lands, granting them for literary, charitable, and religious purposes, and selling in small lots to actual settlers. And has this boundary question so far advanced, it may be asked, that we cannot now do, without a remonstrance on the part of British Government, what we have been so long in the habit of doing? Has the almost interminable negotiations—all the efforts that have been put forth—all the events that have occurred—especially the exciting events of the last year—but served to weaken our title, diminish our rights, and curtail our privileges? Sure I am, that Maine will not readily adopt such a view, or quietly yield to its consequnces. She has been indulging the hope that *some* progress towards an acknowledgment of her rights, and the acquisition of her property had been made, and I am well persuaded she has no disposition, at the present time, to make any retrograde movement.

In compliance with your request, I have now communicated the facts upon which the complaints of the British Government, are supposed to be founded. In doing it, and in the accompanying remarks, I have had no intention or desire of producing irritation, or adding, in any degree, to the excitement already existing. This subject is far too momentous, and too nearly involves the peace of the countries interested, to justify any remarks founded in passion or feeling. But it is due to the State, whose organ upon this occasion, I am, as well as to the whole country, to speak plainly, and without disguise. And, under this solemn impression, I must say, that Maine, in my opinion, has done nothing which she was not fully justified in doing, and nothing which she will not be ready to defend with her best powers. And further, that though she has not yet taken military possession of the disputed territory, a continued disposition on the part of the British Government, to delay a settlement of the boundary question, will not fail, in my opinion, to induce such a step, whatever may be the consequences, should she not be relieved from that responsibility by the action of the General Government.

With the most earnest desire for a just, peaceful, and speedy settlement of the question, I have the honor to subscribe myself, with high respect, your most obedient servant,

JOHN FAIRFIELD,
Governor of Maine.

A. Vail., Esq. Acting Secretary of State.

Under date of Dec. 24, Mr. Forsyth replies to Mr Fox upon the suject of the complaints made against Maine, fully and clearly sustaining the grounds taken by Gov. Fairfield. At the close of his letters, he thus notices the recent invasion of Maine:—

It is with no little surprise that, in the face of the complaints, which form the subject of Mr. Fox's note, the President has received intelligence of her majesty's colonial authorities having recently stationed a regiment of regular troops, part at the north, and part at the south end of Lake Temiscouta and of her Majesty's forces having commenced building barracks on both sides of the St. Johns, at its confluence with the Madawaska. Such proceedings on the part of the agents of the British Government, would, if true, constitute such a flagrant contravention to the existing understanding between the parties, that the President cannot but hope that the report which has reached him of the occupation referred to, is founded upon incorrect information.

The undersigned requests that Mr. Fox will communicate to him such information, if any, as he may have in his possession in relation to the subject, and that he will, by such representations as the circumstances, if founded in fact, will obviously suggest, impress her Majesty's colonial authorities with a sense of the inexpediency and imprudence of such proceedings, and of the unhappy consequences likely to attend their persistence therein.

Under date of Jan. 12, Mr Fox replies to Mr Forsyth upon the subject of the "*invasion*" he says:—

With reference to the concluding part of the official note of the Secretary of State, wherein observations are made upon certain reported movements of the British troops in the neighborhood of Lake Temiscouta, and at other points within that portion of the territory where according to the provisional agreements entered into at the beginning of last year, no inteference was to be attempted, with the exercise of British authority, pending the negotiation of the boundary question, the undersigned can distinctly assure the Secretary of State that there exists no intention on the part of her Majesty's authorities to cancel or infringe the terms of those provisional engagements, so long as the same are observed with fidelity by the other party.

The particular motives, and the amount of the present movements of troops, have been explained in a frank and satisfactory manner to the Governor of Maine by the Lieutenant Governor of New Brunswick, in a correspondence which has been made public, and which, it appears has been officially communicated by the Gov. of Maine to the President of the United States.

With regard, however, generally to the reinforcement of military posts, and other defensive and precautionary measures, whether along the confines of the disputed territory, or within that portion of it where, according to the provisional agreements before cited, the authority of Great Britain was not to be interfered with, the undersigned has to observe that the adoption of such measures by her Majesty's authorities cannot be, with reason, objected to or complained of by the Government of the United States, when regard is had to the reports which have for some time past been circulated, (and of the prevalence and consistency of those reports, the United States Government are themselves fully aware,) respecting the probable intention of the Legislature of the State of Maine to revoke, during its present session, the provisional agreements now in force, and to authorize some new and extensive act of aggression over the stipulated territory. And the undersigned has regretted to observe that the language of the Governor of Maine, in his recent message to the Legislature, at the opening of the session, is calculated to encourage rather than to restrain such rash and obnoxious designs.

Under date of Jan. 16, Mr. Forsyth replies to Mr. Fox. Premising that he confidently expects that the British Government, will take a different view of the military movements in the Disputed Territory, than appeared to have been taken by Mr. Fox, he states that he should not leave further correspondence with Mr. Fox upon the subject, (inasmuch as Mr. Fox had stated that he had lost no time in asking fresh instructions from his Government) except for the purpose of removing any possible misapprehension as to the views of the President.—Mr. Forsyth then reviews and exposes the reasoning of Mr. Fox, and pronounces the stationing of a British force within the Disputed Territory, a "*bold infraction of existing arrangements.*" The following is the conclusion of his letter:

The undersigned having laid Mr. Fox's note before the President, is instructed to state to him, that no reason is perceived for doubting the disposition of the Governor of Maine scrupulously to adhere to the spirit of the existing arrangements, and to avoid all acts tending to render more difficult and distant the final adjustment of the main question of boundary between the two countries; but in repeating assurances of the readiness of the United States Government to contribute by all means in its power, to an amicable termination of the difference, the undersigned is bound to declare that a persistance in, or a repetition of, such acts, on the part of her Majesty's agents, as those now complained of, would, if avowed by Great Britain, be considered as but little in accordance with those assurances.

AN ADJOURNED SESSION.

The subject of an adjourned session has been agitated in the Legislature. The object contemplated is to act upon the revised statutes reported by the Commissioners. Now that a revision is going on it should be done thoroughly, and the work prosecuted to its final consummation in the best manner. In revising their laws it has been customary in other States to hold special sessions for the purpose, but is it expedient for this State to do the same? It will be expensive, but the statutes are about as bad as they can be—voluminous, hard to be understood, imperfect; the people demand a thorough overhauling and complete purgation, and we think wish to examine the revised code before it is adopted. Give them the opportunity—have them printed and spread before the people, and by another winter they will be prepared to instruct their Representatives in relation to them. This would be fair and safe, perhaps both wise and expedient. The quantity of laws should be reduced about nineteen twentieths, and the remaining twentieth made plain and simple as a spelling book, so that the people will not be compelled to employ lawyers to find out the meaning of the statutes, and then remain in the dark about their rights and duties. Let us have the proper reform while we are about it, if it takes five years to effect it, and let the people have *their* way in the business.

Bangor Democrat.

☞The old New Hampshire *Patriot* has taken up the Maine Boundary question in a highly satisfactory manner. Swiss Featherstonhaugh, late U. States Geologist and now Queen Victoria's Commissioner, is handled without gloves, and the pretensions of the *friendly* and *honorable* nation are weighed in the balance of honesty and justice. New Hampshire is Maine's true sister, and may be relied on for needful services.

GUARDIAN'S SALE.

By virtue of license from the Probate Court of the County of Oxford, I shall sell at Public Auction, on Monday the twentieth day of April next, at two o'clock, P. M., unless previously disposed of at private sale, all the interest of Melintable S. Frye, Lydia A. Frye, Cordelia C. Frye, minor children of John H. Frye, late of Fryeburg, deceased, have in and to the homestead farm of their late father, situated in Fryeburg, consisting of three-fifths of the land, barn, and outbuildings, and two-fifths of the dwelling house. Said farm is supposed to contain forty-four acres of intervale, and fifty-eight acres of upland, on which there are a good wood lot, a good white maple sugar place, a well finished dwelling house, a corn house and barn, and two good wells of water. Sale on the premises. Terms made known at the time and place of sale.

THOMAS S. EVANS,
Guardian of said Minors.

Fryeburg, Jan. 29, 1840.

The remainder of said farm will be sold at the time and place aforesaid, reserving therefrom one third of the dwelling house and cellar, for the use and during the life of Miss Lydia Frye.

3w25

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE--*Waterford.*

NOTICE is hereby given to the non-resident proprietors and owners of land in Waterford, in the county of Oxford, that the same are taxed for A. D. 1838, for County and Town Taxes—School District tax, and deficiencies of the Highway tax for A. D 1837, in bills committed to me the undersigned Collector of said Waterford, and remain unpaid as follows, to wit:

Owners names.	No. Lot.	No. Range	Acres.	Value.	State Tax	Town and County	School District Tax.	Deficient Highway Tax. 1837.	Total.
					$				
Calvin Powers,	1	9	60	50	$1 25			93	$2 18
Eben. Jewett, Jr's. farm,			80	120		3 00			3 00
G R Kimball, Is'e Watson farm,			60	150		1 87			1 87
L. C. Jones's house & land,			2	50		1 25			1 25
WC Whitney Tavern stand,			2	556		13 75			13 75
WC Whitney Sumner Stew farm,			185	450		11 25			11 25
WC Whitney	8	14	80		45	1 13			1 13
do. W. part	7	14	25						
W. C. Whitney	12	12	160	10		25			25
WC Whitney undivided h'f	11	13	80	12		30			30
Rufus Chadborn's farm,	12	3	160	75		1 88			1 88
Eugene Carter's farm,			16	100		2 50			2 50
S'm'l Wheeler farm,			50	50		1 25		40	1 65
Unknown,	12	1	160	20		50			50
do. west half	12	5	30	20		50			50
J. Chadborn	1	9	50	40		1 00			1 00
C. F. Jones,	11	11	160	50		1 25		93	2 18
C. F. Jones,	11	12	160	25		63		46	1 09
Unknown, South half,	11	6	80	39		95			95
J & T Green,	4	13	160	20		25		28	53
Benj. Kimball's house,	5	1	15	37				68	68
W E Haskin farm.			46	225				4 16	4 16
Calvin Powers,	3	14	160	100				1 85	1 85
W. Foster N. p't	3	1	18	20			68		68
Dan'l Green, west part,	1	1	80	15			51		51
Jas. Chadborn,	4	14	160	100			2 97		2 97

Now unless said taxes and all necessary intervening charges are paid, I shall proceed to sell at public auction to the highest bidder, at the house of William Noble, in said Waterford, on Monday, the eleventh day of May next, 1840, so much of said lands as shall be sufficient to discharge said Taxes and necessary charges.

ROWLAND H. GERRY,
Collector of Waterford for the year 1838.

Waterford, Jan. 30, 1840.

At a Court of Probate holden at Fryeburg within and for the County of Oxford, on the twenty first day of January in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty.

JOSIAH HEALD, Administrator of the estate of Enoch Heald late of Lovell in said county, deceased, having presented his first account of administration of the estate of said deceased,

Ordered,

That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be holden at Paris in said county, on the third day of March next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

LYMAN RAWSON, Judge.

3w24. Copy. Attest—Levi Stowell, Register.

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Administrator on the estate of

ZECHARIAH GIBSON,

late of Brownfield, in the county of Oxford, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs,—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate, to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to TIMOTHY GIBSON

Brownfield Jan. 21, 1840. 3w24

POETRY.

From the Portland Transcript.

We have read some little poetry in our day and have been variously affected by it, but our feelings were never so wrought upon as in reading the following lines. We do not believe there is to be found in all the poetry that has been written, either ancient or modern, three stanzas containing more of the 'real ore,'—the pure unadulterated essence—than will be found in the article below. This is high praise but we unhesitatingly submit our opinion to the better judgement of our brethren. Our correspondent has our thanks for this exquisit production.

Stanzas.

When the cold storm howls round your door,
And you, by light of taper,
Sit cozily by the evening fire
Enjoying the last paper—
Just think of him whose work thus helps
To wear away the winter,
And put his query to himself—
Have I paid up the PRINTER?

From east and west—from north to south—
From lands beyond the water,
He daily, weekly, brings you news
From every nook and quarter—
No slave on earth toils more than he
Through summer's heat and winter;
How can you for a moment then
Neglect to pay the PRINTER?

Your other bills you promptly pay,
Wherever you do owe, sir,
The butcher for his meat is paid,
For 'sundries,' is the grocer;
The tailor and the shoemaker,
The hatter and the vintner,
All get their pay—then why neglect,
To settle with the PRINTER?

MIKE.

From a late work called "Means and Ends."

GOSSIPING.

BY MISS SEDGWICK.

The most prevailing fault of conversation in our country, and, I believe, in all social communities, is *Gossiping*. As weeds most infest the richest soils, so gossiping most abounds amidst the social virtues in small towns, where there is the most extended mutual acquaintance, where persons live in the closest relations, resembling a large family circle. To disturb the sweet uses of these little communities by gossiping, is surely to forfeit the benefit of one of the kindest arrangements of Providence.

In great and busy cities, where people live in total ignorance of their neighbors, where they cannot know how they live, and hardly know when they die, there is no neighborhood, and there is no gossiping. But need there be this poisnous weed among the flowers—this blight upon the fruit, my young friends?

You may understand better precisely what comes under the head of gossiping, if I give you some examples of it.

In a certain small thickly-settled town there lives a family, consisting of a man, his wife, and his wife's sister. He has a little shop, it may be a jeweller's, saddler's, shoemaker's, or what we call a store—no matter which, since he earns enough to live most comfortably, with the help of his wife and sister, who are noted for their industry and economy. One would think they had nothing to do but enjoy their own comforts, and aid and pity those less favored than themselves. But, instead of this, they volunteer to supervise all the sins, follies, and shortcomings of their neighbors. The husband is not a silent partner. He does his full share of the low work of this gossiping trio. Go to see them when you will, you may hear the last news of every family within half a mile. For example,as follows:—'Mr. —— gave 150 dollars for his new wagon, and he had no need of a new one; the old one has not run more than two years.'

'Mrs. —— has got a new hired help; but she won't stay long; it's come and go there.'

'Mrs. —— had another new gown at meeting yesterday which make the fifth in less than a year, and every one of her girls had new ribonds on their bonnets; it is a good thing to have rich friends; but, for my part, I had rather wear my old ribonds.'

'There go Sam Bliss's people with a barrel of flour; it was but yesterday she was at the judge's, begging.'

'None of the widow Day's girls were at meeting; but they can walk out as soon as the sun is down.'

This is but a specimen of the talk of these unfortunate people, who seem to have turned their home into a common sewer, through which all the sins and foibles of the neighborhood run. Have they minds and hearts? Yes; but their minds have run to waste, and there is some taint, I fear, at their hearts.

The noted gossip, Miss —— makes a visit in a town where she has been previously a stranger. She divides her time among several families. She is social, and what we think is miscalled, agreeable; for she is perpetually talking of persons and things. She wins a too easy confidence, and, and she returns home with an infinite store of family anecdotes. She *knows* that Mr. and Mrs. So and So, who are supposed to live happily, are readily on bad terms, and that he broke the heart of two other women before he married his wife; she knows the particulars, but she has promised not to tell. She has found out that a certain family, who for ten years have been supposed to live very harmoniously with a step-mother, are really eminently wretched. She has heard that Mr.——, who apparently is in flourishing circumstances, has been on the brink of bankruptcy for the last ten years—&c. &c. Could this woman find nothing in visiting a new scene to excite her mind but such trumpery? We have given you this example to show you that the sin of gossiping pervades some communities. This woman did not create these stories. She heard them all, the individuals who told them to her little thinking that they in turn became the subjects of similar remak to the very persons whose affairs they were communicating.

What would we think of persons who went about collecting for exhibition, samples of the warts, wens and cancers with which their fellow beings were afflicted? And yet would not their employment be more honorable, more humane, at least, then this gossip-monger's?

We have heard such talk as follows between ladies, wives and *mothers*, the wives of educated men, and persons who were called educated women:—

'Have you heard that Emma Ellis is going to Washington?'

'To Washington! how on earth can the Elises afford a winter in Washington?'

'Oh, you know they are not particular about their debts, and they have six girles to dispose of and find rather a dull market here.'

'Have you heard the Newtons are going to the country to lives?'

'Bless me! no. What's that for?'

'They say to educate their children; but my dress-maker, Sally Smith, who works for Mrs. Newton, says she is worn out with dinner parties. He runs the house down with company.'

'Oh, I suspect they are obliged to go to economise. You know she dresses her children so extravagantly. I saw Mary Newton at the theatre (she is not older than my Grace) with a diamond ferronier.'

'Diamond, was it? Julia told me it was an aqua marine. The extravagance of some people is shocking! I don't wonder the men are gut of patience. Don't tell it again, because Ned Miller told me in confidence. He actually has locked up all his wife's pocket handkerchiefs. Well, whatever else my husband complains of, he can't find fault with my extravagance.'

Perhaps not; but faults far more heinous than extravagance this poor woman had to account—the *pernicious words* for which we must be brought into judgment.

I hope it may appear incredible to you, my young friends, that woman, half way through this short life, with the knowledge of their immortal destiny, with a world without them and a world within to explore and make acquirments with, with the delightful interest and solemn responsibilities of parents upon them, should so dishonor God's good gifts of the tongue, should so waste their time, and poison social life. But be on your guard. If your minds are not employed on higher objects, and your hearts set on better things, you will talk idly about your friends and acquaintances.

The habit of gossiping begins in youth. I once attended a society of young persons, from thirteen to seventeen years of age, who met for benevolent purpose.

'Is this reading or talking afternoon?' asked one of the girls.

'Reading,' replied the president; 'and I have brought Percy's Reliques of English Poetry to read to you.'

'Is not that light reading?' asked Julia Ivers. 'These are old ballads and songs.'

'Yes, I suppose it would be called light reading.'

'Then I vote against it; mother don't approve of light reading.'

Julia who had the lightest of all minds, and the most voluable of tongues, preferred talking to any reading, and without loss of time she began to a knot of girls, who too much resembled her.

'Did you notice Matilda Smith last Sunday?'

'Yes, indeed; she had on a new silk dress.'

'That is the very thing I wanted to find out, whether you were taken in with it. It was nothing but her old sky-blue dyed.'

'Can that be? why, she has worn it ever since she was thirteen. I wonder I did not see the prints of the tacks.'

'I did,' interposed another of the young committee of investigation. 'I took a good look at it as she stood in the door. She couldn't deceive me with aunt Sally's wedding sky-blue dyed black.'

'I don't think Matilda would care whether you were deceived or not,' said little Mary Morris, the youngest member of the society, coloring up to her eyes.

'Oh! I forgot, Mary,' said Julia Ivers, 'that Matilda was your cousin.'

'It is not because she is my cousin,' replied Mary.

'Well, what is it then?'

Mary's tears dropped on her work, but she made no other reply. She had too much delicacy to proclaim her cousin's private good deeds; and she did not tell how Matilda, having had a small sum of money, which was to have been invested in a new silk gown, gave it instead to her kind 'aunt Sally,' who was sinking under a long indisposition, which her physician said 'might be removed by a journey.' It was—and we believe Matilda little cared how much these girls gossiped about her dyed frock.

Julia Ivers, turned the conversation by saying, 'Don't you think it strange that Mrs. Sandford lets Maria ride out with Walter Isbel?'

'Yes, indeed; and, what is worse yet, accept presents from him.'

'Why! does she?' exclaimed Julia, stairing open her eyes, and taken quite aback by another person knowing a bit of gossip which had not yet reached her ears.

'Yes, she does; he brought her three elegant plants from New York, and she wears a ring which he must have given her; for you know the Sandfords could not afford to buy such things; and, besides they never do.'

I have given but a specimen. Various characters and circumstances were discussed, till the young gossips were interrupted by a proposition by the president, that the name of the society should be changed; 'for,' as she said, 'the little charities they did with their needles were a poor offset against the uncharitableness of their tongues.'

There is a species of gossiping aggravated by treachery; but, bad as this is, it is some times commited more from thoughtlessness than malice. A girl is invited to pass a day, a week, or a month, it may be, in a family. Admitted to such an intimacy, she may see & hear much that the family would not wish to have reported. Circumstances often occur, and remarks are made, from which no harm would come if they were published to the world, provided what went before and came after could likewise be known; but, taken out of their connection, they make a false impression. It is by relating disjointed circumstances, and repeating fragments of conversations, that so much mischief is done by those admitund into the bosom of a family.

You know that, with the Arabs, partaking salt is a pledge of fidelity, because the salt is a symbol of hospitality. Show a sacred gratitude for hospitality by never making any disparaging remarks of idle communications about those into whose families you are received. I know persons who will say, unblushingly, 'I am sure that Mr. So and So is not kind to his wife. I saw enough to convince me of it when I stayed there.'

'Mrs. S. is very mean in her family.'

'How do you know that?'

'I am sure I ought to know, for I stayed a month in her house.'

'If you wish to be convinced that Mrs. L. has no government over he children, go and stay there a week a I did.'

'The B.'s and their step-mother try to live happily together; but if you were in the family as much as I am, you would see there is no love lost between them.'

Now you preceive, my young friends, that the very reason which should have sealed this gossip's lips, she adduces as the ground of your faith in her evil report.

* * * * * * *

I have dwelt long on this topic of gossiping, my young friends, because, as I said before, I believe it to be a prevailing fault in our young and social country. The only sure mode of exurpating it is by the cultivation of your minds and the purification of your hearts.

All kinds and degrees of gossiping are as distasteful to an elevated character as gross and unwholesom food is to a well-trained appetite.

A MONSTROUS BEAR STORY.—The following fact was given us, on the best authority, as related by an old Vermont farmer, who, for many years past, has been monarch of an extensive farm, situated among the glens of the Green Mountains. Here is the original from his own mouth:—

"I'd noticed for a long time, that something or other had played the old Harry in my corn-field, destroying more corn than my family could make way with the whole year. Well, I laid it to the 'coons for a while—but I soon came to the conclusion that all the coons in God's creation could'nt eat up and break down so much corn, as was every day the case So I entered all the damages on my account book, against some lawless bear, or bears, unknown—being determined to have a settlement with the scamp, or scamps, as soon as possible. One night in the early part of winter, a light snow fell; and in the morning I saw a little the biggest bear tracks, round my barn that ever you did see—some were bigger than the top of my hat, and some were smaller—looked like young ones. I followed the swindlers a good ways up the mountains several mornings, and found that they passed between two rocks right under a high ledge. Now, thinks I to myself, I'll have one on ye before long, as sure as my name is Dan. Goodrich. So I borrowed of one of my neighbors a joe-fired big steel trap, and sot it exactly between them two rocks. Going out to fodder the cattle the next day, I discovered that fresh tracks had been made from my barn yard up to the mountain. I cut off, full split, to see what the big trap had got for breakfast—never once suspecting that the old bear would be such a fool as to get caught—but expected to find nothing more than a cub, at most. I crept along towards the top of the ledge, hoping to draw a smashing prize; but, as I said before, I could'nt, for the life of me, suppose that it would be my luck to catch a black monster of 800 pounds weight. Well, I ventured to take a peep over the rocks, and, would you believe it, instead of catching a little silly cub I beheld, to my everlasting astonishment the trap with—*nothing at all in it.*"

☞ A country youth, the son of a prosperous farmer,had spent some time at an academy, "fitting for college," and during one of the vacations which he had spent at home, he was one day in a brick yard where his industrious father with hired men were making brick. The father, desirous of knowing something of his son's progress in learning, asked him what was Latin for brick? "Brickabus" replied the candidate for literary honors. "Very well," observed the father, "now tell us the Latin for coat." "Coatanus," was the reply. "Very like—very like," said the father, who, though not skilled in Latin, was not lacking in good sense and shrewdness—"and now the Latin for frock—eh?" "Frockabus," was the answer "Ay,ay," said the old gentleman, "now you go home, take off your *coatabus*, put on your *frockabus*, and go to making *brickabus*, for you don't go to the academy at my expense any longer, I can tell you."

NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE.

I, THE subscriber, hold a mortgage deed given by Joseph B. Morton to Samuel J. Durell, and assigned by said Durell to me, of a certain tract or parcel of land situated in Paris, county of Oxford, bounded as follows, viz beginning on the westerly side of the road leading from Stowell's Mills, so called, to Norway, at the South easterly corner of land formerly owned by Cyprian Hall, thence northerly on the line of the land formerly owned by said Hall, twenty rods to a stake and stones; thence easterly by land owned by Elias Stowell, Esq. eight rods to a stake and stones; thence southerly by said land formerly owned by said Stowell, twenty rods to the road aforesaid; thence on said road to the first mentioned ground,—containing one acre The condition of said mortgage deed having been broken by said Morton, by reason thereof, I claim to foreclose said Mortgage. LEVI THAYER.

Paris, Jan 25, 1840. 2w24

To the Honorable Senate and House of Representatives of the State of Maine, in Legislature assembled at Augusta, on the first Wednesday of January, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty,—

THE undersigned, proprietors and owners of the Congregational Meeting House in the town of Norway, respectfully represent that said Meeting House has become old, out of repair, and inconvenient, and the said proprietors are desirous to sell the same for the purpose of erecting a new one in its place.

They therefore pray your honorable body that they may be duly and legally authorized to make sale of the same, and divide the proceeds among said proprietors and owners, and as in duty bound will ever pray.

(Signed) JACOB BRADBURY & 41 others.

STATE OF MAINE.

IN SENATE.

JANUARY 17, 1840.

On the Petition aforesaid, *Ordered*, That the Petitioners cause an attested copy of their Petition, with this Order thereon, to be published in the Oxford Democrat, a weekly paper printed in Paris, two weeks successively, the last publication to be ten days at least, before the third Wednesday of February next, that all persons interested, may then appear and shew cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said Petition should not be granted.

Read and accepted.

Sent down for concurrence.

WILLIAM TRAFTON, Secretary.

IN HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

JANUARY 18, 1840.

Read and concurred.

ELBRIDGE GERRY, Clerk.

A true copy—Attest:

WILLIAM TRAFTON, Secretary of the Senate.

At a Court of Probate held at Fryeburg within and for the County of Oxford on the twenty first day of January in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty.

ON the petition of DANIEL BEAN, Administrator of the estate of Ebenezer Walker late of Brownfield in said county, deceased, representing that the personal estate of said deceased is not sufficient to pay the just debts, which he owed at the time of his death, by the sum of two hundred and seventy one dollars, and eighty eight cents and praying for a license to sell and convey so much of the real estate of said deceased, as may be necessary, for the payment of said debts and incidental charges:

Ordered,

That the petitioner give notice thereof to the heirs of said deceased, and to all persons interested in said estate, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said county, on the third day of March, next at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

LYMAN RAWSON, Judge.

3w24 Copy. Attest—*Levi Stowell*, Register.

J. T. CLARK,

SADDLE, HARNESS, AND TRUNK MAKER,

HAS taken the stand formerly occupied by N. M MARBLE, where will will be found a good assortment of Harness work, which he will sell cheap for Cash or Country Produce.

500 bushels of OATS wanted in exchange for the above, for which the highest price will be paid

Paris, Dec. 10, 1839. tf 17

ANDREW THOMPSON, TAILOR.

RESPECTFULLY informs the inhabitants of Paris and vicinity that he has taken a Shop near Messrs Crocker & Shaw's Store, on Paris-Hill, where all business in his line will be promptly and faithfully attended to. He respectfully solicits a share of public patronage. Cutting done at short notice.

Paris, August, 15 1839 tf

Commissioners' Notice.

WE the undersigned, having been appointed by the Judge of Probate within and for the County of Oxford Commissioners on the estate of JERATH AMELL HAWKS, late of Mexico, in said county, deceased, whose estate is represented insolvent, her by give notice that six months from the seventh day of Jan. instant, are allowed to said creditors to bring in and prove their claims; and that we will attend to that service at the Store of Isaac N Stanly Esq, in Dixfield Village on the first Saturday in March, the first Saturday in May, and the second Saturday in July from ten o'clock A. M. to five o'clock P. M on each of said days.

ISAAC N STANLEY, } Com'rs
HUMPHREY M. EATON, }

Dixfield Jan. 9th 1840. 22

Executor's Sale.

PURSUANT to license from the Judge of Probate for the county of Oxford will be sold at public Auction, on Saturday, the 15th day of February, at one o'clock in the afternoon, on the premises, all the real estate of JOSEPH SMITH, late of Hebron, deceased, that has not been previously sold

PEREZ T. RECKARD, Executor.

Paris, Jan. 7th, 1840. 3w22

FREEDOM.

THIS may certify to all who it may concern, that I this day give my son, JAMES WILBUR, his time to trade for himself; and I shall claim none of his wages, nor shall I pay any of the debts of his contracting, after this date. BENJ. WILBUR.

Attest: JAMES EDGECOMB,
DAVID LURVEY.

Poland, Jan 4, 1840.

NOTICE.

PUBLIC notice is hereby given that the Post Office at South Paris will be open all business days from 7 till 12 o clock A. M., and from 1 till 7 o'clock P. M., until further arrangement.

DAVID JORDAN, P. M.

By OTIS H. PAINE, Ast. P. M.

South Paris, Sept 9, 1839. tf 4

Administrator's Sale.

Pursuant to License obtained from the Court of Probate for the County of Oxford I Shall sell at Public Auction, on the premises, all the real Estate of James Knox, late of Peru, in the County of Oxford, deceased, for the purpose of paying the debts of said deceased, on the third Tuesday of February next, at ten o'clock, A. M. Said real estate consists of the homestead Farm of said deceased, in Peru, in said County—being Lot No. 15, in the 8th Range,—subject to the widows Right of Dower therein. Terms of sale liberal and made know at the time of sale.

MANASSEH LAWRENCE, Adm'r.

Peru Jan. 7, 1840 22

SOMETHING TO

THINK ABOUT.

PAIN cannot exist but from *Corrupt Particles* being seated in the identical part where the pain is experienced. These corrupt particles when in great volume (quantity) are the *Positive cause of death*.

It is a solemn truth that corruption terminates the existence of all created beings; the importance of its speedy removal from the body, when by any causes it has accumulated, is therefore self evident; not only *Health*, but existence, being absolutely endangered by its existence.

Let us then acknowledge that the only sure means of preventing and curing disease, is the speedy removal of *Corrupt Humors* from the body. *Disease* being only another name for *Corruption*, and *Corruption* or *Corrupt Humors* being identified in all cases as *Impurity of Blood*.

Purgative Medicine, when resorted to in season, that is while there is there is sufficient vitality remaining in the system, will certainly remove corruption; thus the blood is purified; thus chronic diseases and premature death are prevented; thus those whose lives are of the utmost consequence to their country, and families, are often saved.

The importance of this discovery of curing diseases after ages will do justice: Dr. Benjamin Brandreth will not then be styled an 'ignorant pretender.' But that will neither please nor offend him; in the rectitude of his own acts, in the quiet of his own conscience, is his reward. And he gives this his *solemn pledge* that his medicine shall be always equal to what it ever has been; and that no expense shall be spared in its manufacture—and the making of it he attends to personally.

SYNOPSIS OF FACTS.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are universally used in every section of this wide extended country where they are made known. Upwards of fourteen thousand cases of cure have been certified as having been effected solely from their use since the introduction of them into the United States establishing the fact beyond all doubt that the Brandreth Pills cure the (apparently) most opposite diseases for the one simple act of continually evacuating the bowels with them, until the disease gives way; therefore, whatever may be said of the *theory*, the *utility* of the *practice* is now *beyond all doubt*.

Dr. B allows that the curative effect depends on the *Purgative Qualities* of the *Brandreth Pill*; experience and a continuation of experiment for upwards of forty years have made them the most judicously balanced purge known. Therefore, however long it may be necessary to persevere with them for the removal of any disease, no other than good can possibly result from their use—they are perfectly innocent.

The healthy as well as those suffering from disease should use them—the former to keep their blood pure and vigorous, and the latter to remove all noxious accumulations without weakening the system. The only care that is required is to procure the genuine Brandreth Pills, and you cannot fail to procure the genuine if you take the following advice:

How to be secure from Counterfeits

Never purchase Brandreth's Pills without being positively sure that the person selling has an *Engraved* certificate of Agency, and ☞ observe it has been renewed; no Certificate being any guarantee after twelve months from date that Pills sold by the holder are genuine.

All Pills having Wm. Brandreth on the label, and George Hodgkinson on the edge, are counterfeits, are to *deceive the Public*, and evade the law at the same time.

These, and indeed, *all* counterfeit Pills, if used according to the directions which accompany my Pills, are calculated to DESTROY LIFE. They are made by men having no standing or respectability, without habitation or name—perfectly careless of consequences, provided money is obtained.

[Extract from Dr. B's Address to citizens of the U. S.]

And be careful to remember that I have never authorized pedlars in the United State to sell my Pills. These contemptible persons universally sell counterfeits, and that all Tradesmen who are made agents, have each of them a COPPER-PLATE certificate of agency, signed in writing with a pen by me; and which certificate requires renewal every twelve months, it being no guarantee for more than one year from date—observe the date is not WRITTEN, it is ENGRAVED.

B. BRANDRETH, M. D.
241 Broadway, New York.

Dr. B. Brandreth, has at very great expense, established the following offices for the exclusive sale of his Vegetable Universal Pills, which he begs to be understood shall be always equal to what they have been, and that no expense shall be spared in their manufacture. This he guarantees on his honor.

New York, (Principle—241 Broadway.
Philadelphia—8 North Eighth Street.
Baltimore—80 South Charles Street.
Boston—19 Hanover Street.
Albany—Corner of Green and Hudson Streets.
Pittsburg, Pa.—154 Wood Street.
Cincinnati—119 Main Street.
Louisville, Ky.—99 Fourth Street
St. Louis, Mo—36 1-2 Market Street.
New Orleans—3 Old Levee.
Charleston, S. C.—70 Meeting Street.
Montreal—63 Notre Dame.

Sub Agents in Maine will hereafter receive their supplies from the New England Office

19 HANOVER STREET 19

THE ONLY OFFICE IN BOSTON FOR DR. BENJAMIN BRANDRETH'S VEGETABLE UNIVERSAL PILLS,

Or of MR JOHN O. LANGLEY,

Who is DR. BRANDRETH'S duly authorized Travelling Agent for the State of Maine.

The following are the ONLY Agents in Oxford County furnished with the Genuine Pills. *Buy of them and avoid deception.*

Paris—CROCKER & SHAW.
So. Paris—A. Hall, Jr.
Buckfield—A. F. Cole.
Rumford—Otis C. Baxter.
" Asa Grafton.
Dixfield—I. N. & C. Stanley.
Jay—Joel Paine.
Bethel—J. R. Kimball.
Livermore—Benton & Morrison.
" J. Coolidge.
N. " Kimball & Walker.
Woodstock—Welcome Kimley.
Hartford—Hall & Haines.
Greenwood—Welcome Kimley.
Albany—Lovejoy & French.
Turner—Philo Clark.
Norway—Jotham Goodnow.
Lovell—James Walker.
Waterford—Noyes & Noble.
S " R. H. Gerry.
Sweden—Benjamin Nevers.
Fryeburg—H. C. Boswell.
Porter—John Higgins.
Hiram—Josiah Butterfield.
Canton Mills—J. M. Denison
Oxford—Charles Durell

B. BRANDRETH, M. D.
241 Broadway, N. Y.

Sole proprietor of Brandreth's Vegetable Universal Pills.

epoly32

WINTER GOODS.

BROADCLOTHS, Cassimeres, Mitrenoes, &c &c can now be had of the subscriber (for ready pay only) very cheap. Call and see.

W. E. GOODNOW.

Norway, Nov. 18, 1839. tf

BUFFALO ROBES.

A prime lot just received and for sale by the subscriber, also, Fur Collors, Neck Ties, Muffs, Winter Fur Gloves, &c. &c. W. E. GOODNOW.

Norway-Village, Nov. 18, 1839. tf

Almanacs for 1840.

JUST received and for sale by the dozen or single lot at the *Oxford Bookstore*, by

November 18, 1839. W. E. GOODNOW. tf

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Administrator with the Will annexed on the Estate of

WILLIAM HASKELL, Jr.,

late of Canton, in the county of Oxford, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to JOHN HEARSEY.

Canton, Jan. 20, 1840. 3w23

Volume 7.

OXFORD D
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Geo. W
EDITOR AND

TERMS:—One dollar a
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ADVERTISEMENTS insert
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BOOK & JOB
Executed with neat

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MR. BENTON,

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